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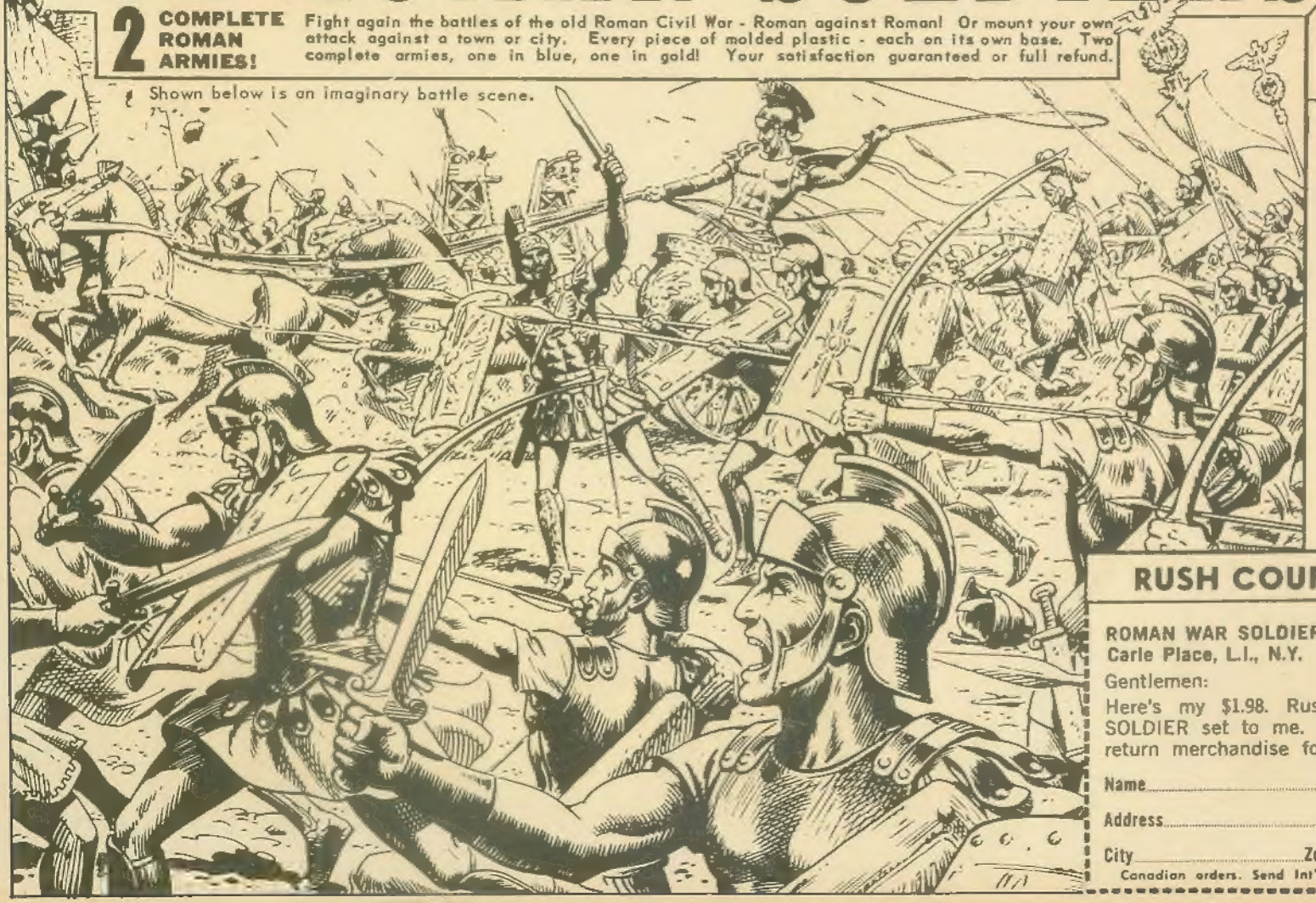
Shown below is an imaginary battle scene.



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I WAS A B-17, ONE OF THOSE BIG FOUR-ENGINED JOBS BETTER KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS A **FLYING FORTRESS.** OTHER BOMBERS, LIKE B-24'S, CARRIED HEAVIER BOMB LOADS...BUT NONE COULD ABSORB STAGGERING PUNISHMENT THE WAY I COULD. TODAY, HOWEVER, BATTLE DAMAGE WAS CATCHING UP FAST. FOR TODAY WAS OCTOBER 14, 1943--- **THE DAY I DIED!**

AIR WAR STORIES

THE DAY I DIED

AIRWAR STORIES, No. 1, September-November 1964. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Helen Meyer, President, William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Single copy price 12¢. All rights reserved throughout the world. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Printed in U.S.A. Designed, produced and copyright © 1964 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc.

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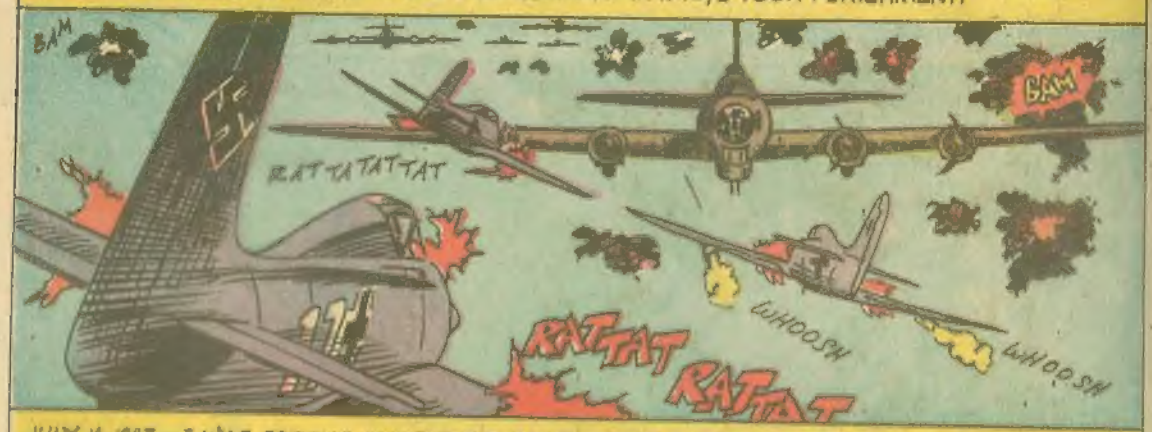
THEY DESIGNED ME LONG AND NARROW. THEY BUILT ME TO TAKE PUNISHMENT. AND BELIEVE-YOU-ME--ON THOSE DAYLIGHT BOMBING RAIDS OVER GERMANY IN 1943, I TOOK PUNISHMENT.

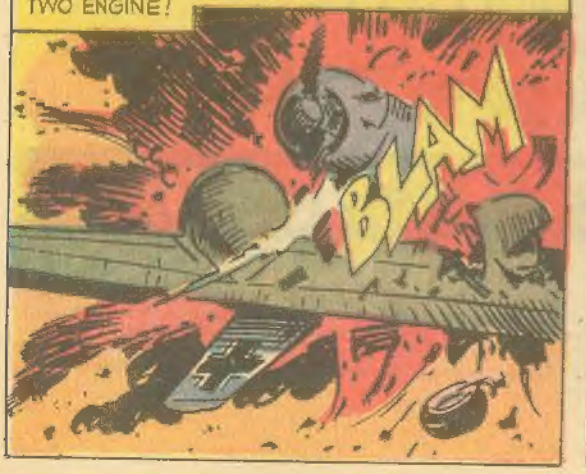


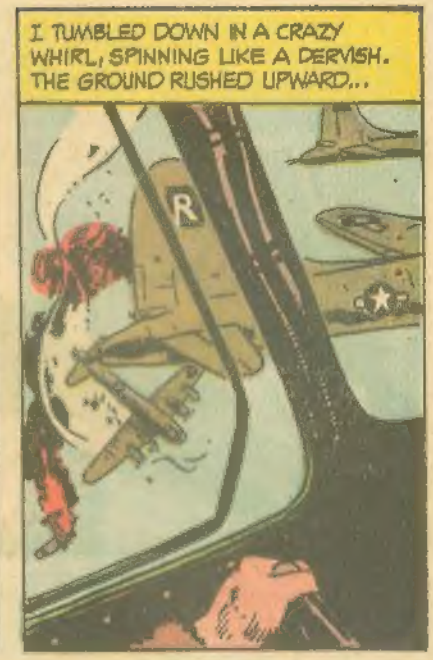
JULY 16, 1943--I WAS ROCKING IN VIOLENT EVASIVE ACTION THROUGH A BLIZZARD OF BULLETS AND FLAK WHEN THREE FOCKE-WULFS CAME AT ME IN HEAD-ON ATTACK...

BUT I WAS A FORTRESS BRISTLING WITH 50-CALIBER MACHINE GUNS...

MY NOSE AND BALL-TURRET GUNS LASHED THE SKY WITH ORANGE TRACERS...

A SPLIT-SECOND LATER--AT A CLOSING SPEED OF 700 MPH---THE THIRD FOLKE-WULF SCREAMED IN HEAD-ON INTO MY NUMBER-TWO ENGINE!




I TUMBLED DOWN IN A CRAZY WHIRL, SPINNING LIKE A DERVISH. THE GROUND RUSHED UPWARD...

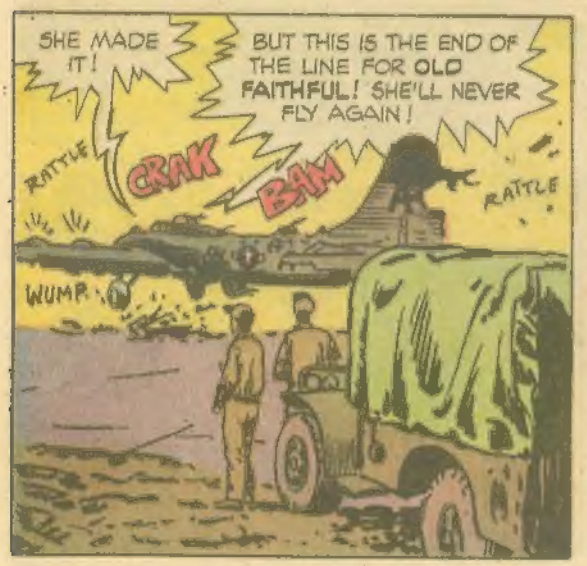
GALLANT MEN FOUGHT IN MY COCKPIT TO BRING ME BACK UNDER CONTROL...
I-I CAN'T
SHE'S JAMMED!

BUT SUDDENLY--
WHOOSH

THEY WERE DAZED, AS MEN ALWAYS ARE AFTER A GLIMPSE OF DEATH. BUT THEY NURSED ME HOME...
WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW! IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SHE UNLOCKED THE CONTROLS HERSELF!
WHAT A PLANE!
GENTLY THEY SCRAPED ME DOWN FOR A BELLY LANDING...
WHAT'S THE VERDICT, CHIEF? TOO MUCH BATTLE DAMAGE... OR WILL SHE FLY AGAIN?
WE'LL TRY OUR BEST, SIR. THAT'S ALL I CAN PROMISE.
MY GROUND CREW'S BEST WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME. A WEEK LATER, AUGUST 28, 1943--I WAS RIDING THE SHELL TORN SKY OVER GERMANY AGAIN..
NAVIGATOR TO PILOT. THREE MINUTES FROM TARGET.
FROM THE GROUND, THE GERMAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES POURED WITHERING FIRE. AN ALMOST SOLID WALL OF ERUPTING FLAK ROSE TO BLOCK THE BOMB RUN...
VOOMP
VOOMP
VOOMP
VOOMP
VOOMP
VOOMP

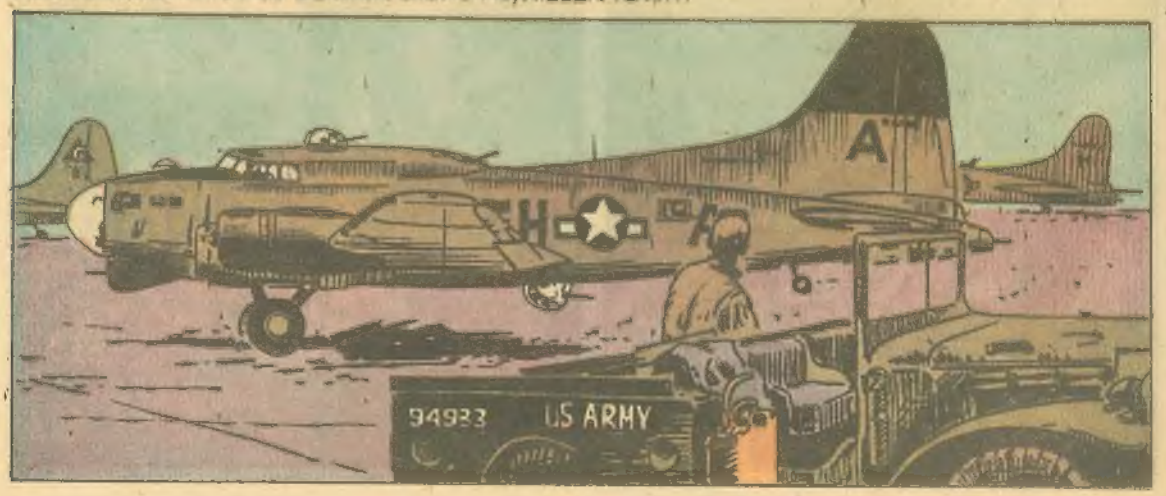
THE FUSELAGE OF A B-17 OFF MY RIGHT WING, OPENED LIKE AN EGGSHELL...THE B-17 ON MY LEFT CAUGHT IT NEXT...
WHAM
BOMBARDIER TO PILOT. STEADY...STEADY... LET'S MAKE IT GOOD.
VOOMP
BOMBS AWAY!
WHAM

PRIMARY BOMBED! LET'S HEAD FOR HOME!
LEAVE IT TO OLD FAITHFUL. TO DELIVER HER EGGS!
BUT SHE TOOK A PASTING FROM THAT ACK-ACK!
BY EVERY LAW OF AERODYNAMICS, SHE SHOULD BE DOWN ON THE DECK!

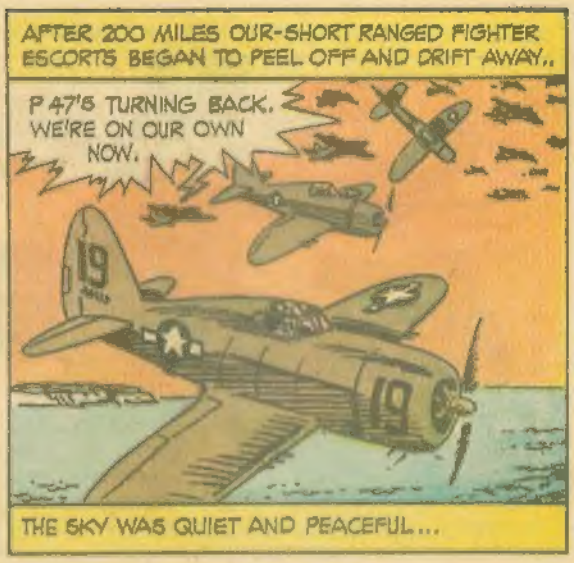


BUT THEY WERE WRONG. IT TOOK A LOT OF SWEAT AND PATCHING TO REPAIR THE BATTLE DAMAGE. BUT--
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! SHE'S HOLDING TOGETHER, AND ALMOST READY TO ROLL!

OCTOBER 14, 1943--I RUMBLED DOWN THE RUNWAY, HEAVY-BELLIED WITH BOMBS. MISSION: TO ATTACK AND DESTROY **SCHWEINFURT**...THE HEAVILY DEFENDED GERMAN BALL-BEARINGS CENTER, BETTER KNOWN TO ALL BOMBER CREWS AS, **KILLER TOWN!**



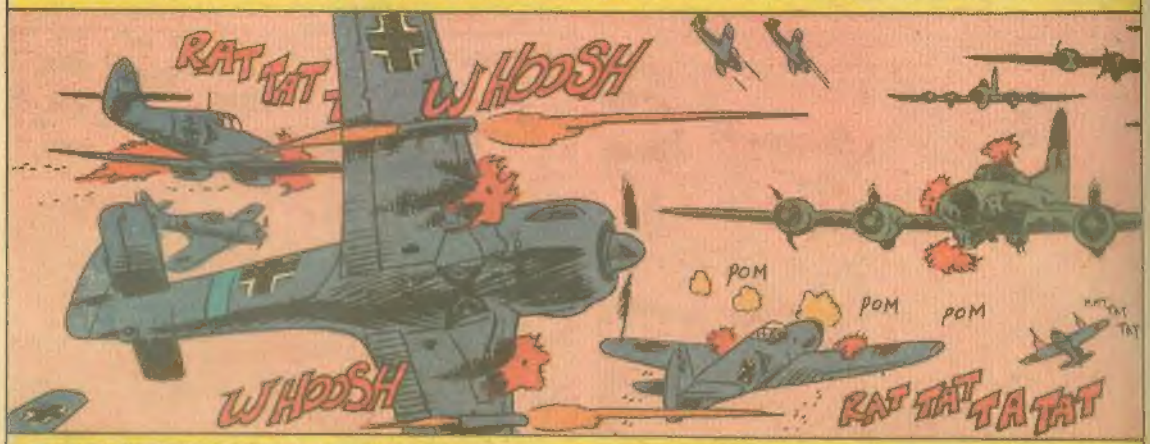
291 FORTRESSES ASSEMBLED ABOVE THE CLOUD TOPS, AS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL FLASHED BELOW. WE WERE A CLOSE-KNIT JUGGERNAUT, BRISTLING WITH FIREPOWER.


AFTER 200 MILES OUR-SHORT RANGED FIGHTER ESCORTS BEGAN TO PEEL OFF AND DRIFT AWAY..
P 47'S TURNING BACK. WE'RE ON OUR OWN NOW.
19
THE SKY WAS QUIET AND PEACEFUL...

BUT UP AHEAD, WE HAD BEGUN TO REGISTER AS BLIPS ON GERMAN RADAR SCREENS...
WE HAVE PLOTTED THEIR COURSE, HEIGHT AND SPEED, SIR. THE AMERIKANISCHER BOMBERS ARE HEADED FOR SCHWEINFURT!

CALLING ALL INTERCEPTOR STAFFELN!...YOUR ORDERS ARE TO CRUSH THE AMERIKANISCHER BOMBERS, AT ANY COST!

SUDDENLY--SCREAMING IN AT US FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, CAME WHAT LOOKED LIKE MOST OF THE LUFTWAFFE!



THEY THREW EVERYTHING AT US! FOCKE-WULFS, MESSERSCHMIDTS, EVEN HEINKELS, THEIR WINGS FLAMING WITH GUNS AND CANNON!

SUDDENLY OUR FORMATION WAS NOT SO TIGHT ANYMORE...

WE REGROUPED, ONLY TO BE BOMBED FROM HIGHER ALTITUDES BY THE HEINKELS...

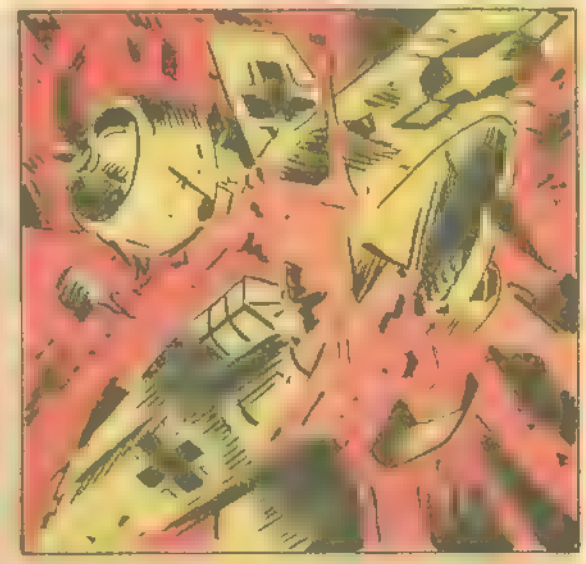
AGAIN WE REGROUPED, ONLY TO BE STAGGERED BY MINES SLUNG BETWEEN PARACHUTES...

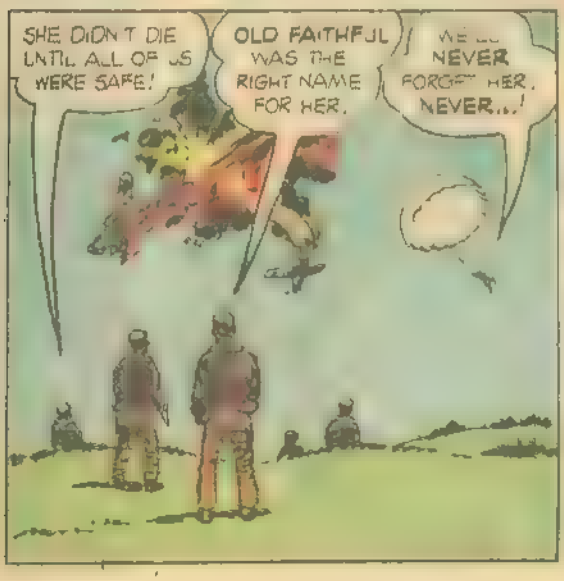
BY THE TIME WE TURNED IN TO THE TARGET, **SIXTYFIVE FORTRESSES** HAD GONE DOWN IN FLAMES! I WAS WEARY AND BATTERED. I WAS SLUGGISH, BARELY RESPONSIVE TO THE CONTROLS...

I WAS BATTERED AND BROKEN BATTLE DAMAGED IN EVERY VITAL PART BUT
STEADY STEADY
WOOMP
A PILLAR OF SMOKE ROSE FROM SCHWEINFURT..
PRIMARY BOMBED! LET'S HEAD FOR HOME.
MAP
HOME? ARE YOU KIDDING?
NOT MISTRP
WE'VE HAD IT
MY BATTLE DAMAGE WAS CATCHING UP FAST LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A SWEAT GRINDER I WAS IN MY DEATH THROES A SHATTERED DERELICT SLEWING AROUND HELPLESSLY. MY MEN JUMPED THEIR TEARS GUNTING IN THE SLIPSTREAM
PILOT TO CREW. HIT THE SILK.
I MALLOWED AND SHUDDERED
DID EVERYBODY GET DOWN?
EVERYBODY EXCEPT THE SKIPPER! HE WAITED TILL LAST!

SO LONG, OLD FAITHFUL!
SHUDDERING FROM NOSE TO TAIL, I TURNED OVER ON MY BACK. MEANWHILE--
MISSED ME! BUT HE'S GOING TO MAKE ANOTHER PASS!
I WAS MANGLED, TORN, SHOT ALMOST TO PIECES
HERE COMES THE MESSERSCHMIDT AGAIN!

OLD FAITHFUL!... WHAT'S SHE UP TO NOW?!




SHE DIDN'T DIE UNTIL ALL OF US WERE SAFE!
OLD FAITHFUL WAS THE RIGHT NAME FOR HER.
WE'LL NEVER FORGET HER. NEVER...!

THE SKY IS ALWAYS PEACEFUL AND QUIET NOW. AND I FLY ON AND ON...STILL ALIVE IN THE MEMORY OF MY GALLANT MEN!

ONE OF HIS DAREDEVIL TRICKS WAS TO FLY HEAD-ON AT THE ENEMY
UNTIL THE UNNERVED HUN WOULD VEER AWAY
IN THIS SPLIT SECOND JEFF WILSON WOULD RAKE THE ENEMY AIRCRAFT.
JEFF WILSON WAS ANOTHER GAME!
TAKA TAKA TAT TAT TAT
AIR WAR STORIES
THE DEADLIEST GAME

JEFF WILSON WAS THE LAST OF THE AIRBORNE RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS. HE MADE A CAREER OF BREAKING RULES. HE HAD HIS OWN DARE DEVIL WAY OF DOING EVERYTHING. HE REFUSED TO WEAR A FLYING HELMET...OR GOGGLES.

WHY SHOULD I ? I LIKE THE FEEL OF THE WIND IN MY HAIR!

WHEN HE TOOK OFF AT DAWN, IN HIS SLEEK, FAST, SILVER PAINTED NIEUPORT SCOUT, HE ALWAYS WENT ALONE

THE ORIGINAL LONE WOLF -- THAT'S JEFF WILSON!

TWO IS A CROWD, AS FAR AS HE'S CONCERNED!

IF HE PLAYED CARDS, HIS GAME WOULD BE SOLITAIRE!

JEFF DID PLAY A GAME, BUT IT WASN'T CARDS HIS GAME WAS AIR WAR--AND HE PLAYED IT WITH SHEER, BLAZING COURAGE. HE WAS SUPERB AT IT. HE COULD FLY LIKE A HAWK AND SHOOT LIKE BUFFALO BILL CODY...

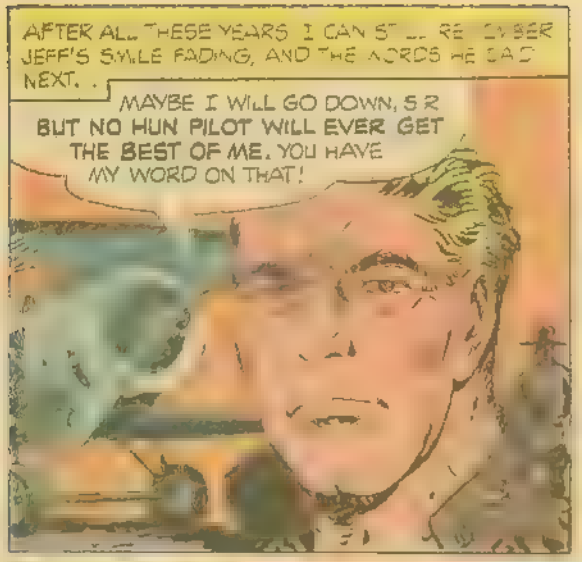
BUT HE THREW CAUTION TO THE WINDS. HE FLEW AND FOUGHT WITH A COMPLETE DISREGARD FOR HIS SAFETY. AS HIS SQUADRON C.O., I FELT IT MY DUTY TO TRY TO REIN HIM IN.

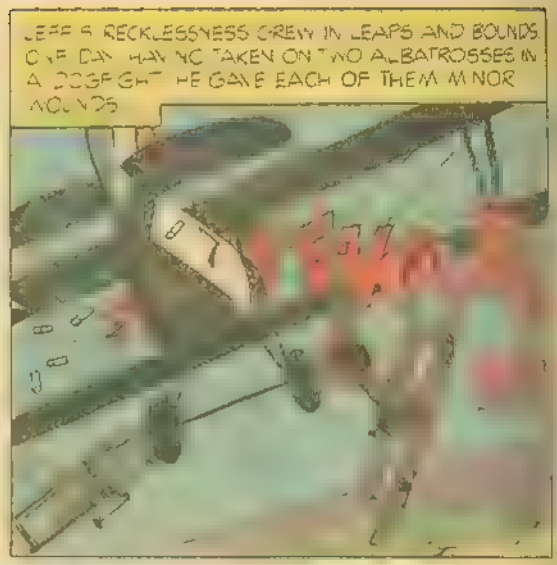
CAN'T YOU SEE, JEFF ? YOU'RE DEFYING ALL THE LAWS OF PROBABILITY JUST BY STAYING ALIVE!

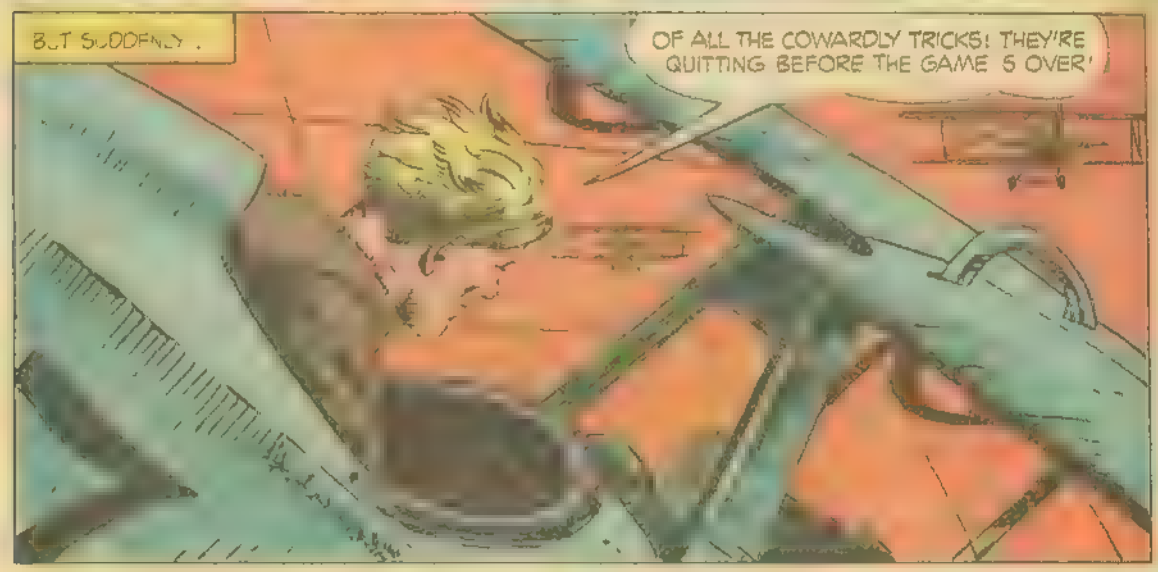
Aug 7

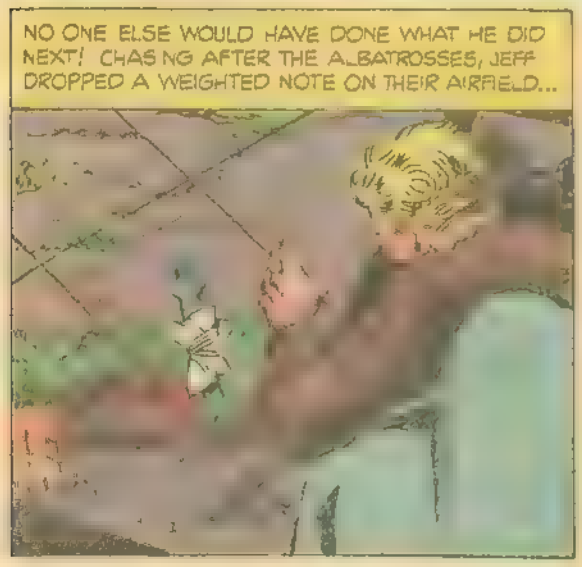
WE'RE NOT PLAYING A GAME OUT HERE! THIS INDIVIDUAL HERO STUFF IS SHEER NONSENSE! IT'S CONCERTED EFFORT AND DISCIPLINED TEAMWORK THAT WILL WIN THE WAR!
OH, I AGREE SIR... I AGREE.
BY THE WAY MAJOR, ARE YOU ISSUING A DIRECT ORDER AGAINST SINGLE-PLANE PATROLS?
HE KNOWS MY HANDS ARE TIED! HE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME I BROUGHT HIM UP ON CHARGES BEFORE GENERAL BARKER...
ORDINARILY MAJOR I'D GO ALONG WITH YOU, BUT ORDINARY RULES AND REGULATIONS JUST DON'T APPLY TO A BOY LIKE JEFF!
JEFF HAS A CHARMED LIFE! HIS RECORD PROVES IT. IT'S COURAGE LIKE HIS THAT MADE AMERICA WHAT IT IS TODAY. THAT WILL BE ALL MAJOR. THERE'S NO CAUSE TO BRING CHARGES AGAINST JEFF WILSON!

SO JEFF WILSON CONTINUED DEFYING FATE. AND SOON THE HEAD-ON TRICK WAS TOO TAME FOR HIM. NOW HE WOULD DELIBERATELY LET A GERMAN GET ON HIS TAIL...
HE WOULD WAIT ALMOST FOR THE SPLIT-SECOND THE ENEMY PILOT WAS ABOUT TO FIRE...
AND THEN -- BANKING SHARPLY HE WOULD COME UP UNDERNEATH THE GERMAN AND ATTACK HIM IN HIS BLIND SPOT!
I JUST WON ANOTHER LITTLE GAME, MAJOR. ANY COMMENTS ?
I DISLIKE SAYING THIS, WILSON. BUT KEEP THIS UP... AND YOU'LL GO DOWN IN FLAMES ONE DAY.


AFTER ALL THESE YEARS I CAN ST... RE...MBER JEFF'S SMILE FADING, AND THE WORDS HE SAID NEXT. .
MAYBE I WILL GO DOWN, SIR BUT NO HUN PILOT WILL EVER GET THE BEST OF ME. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT!

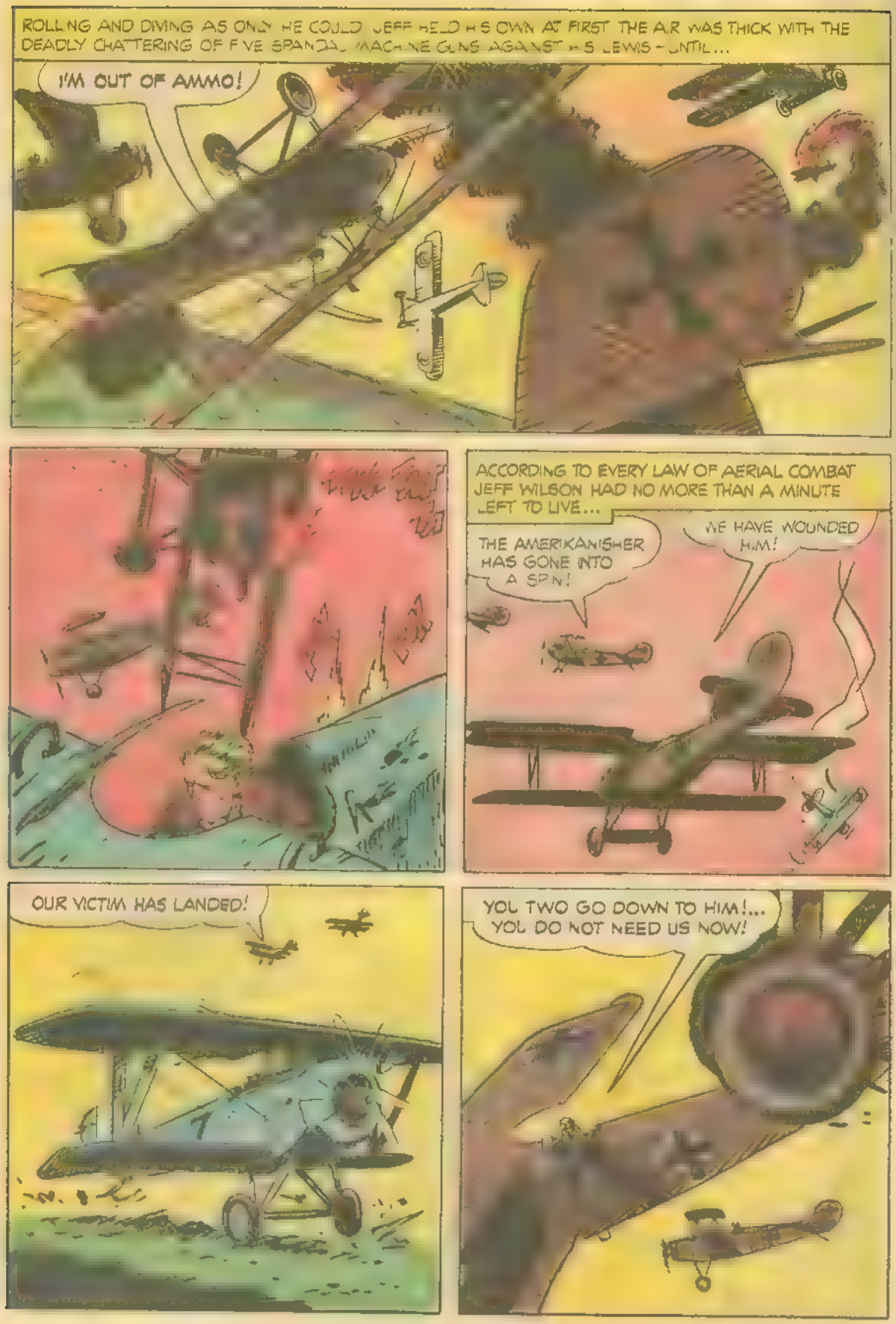

JEFF'S RECKLESSNESS GREW IN LEAPS AND BOUNDS ONE DAY HAVING TAKEN ON TWO ALBATROSSES IN A DOGFIGHT HE GAVE EACH OF THEM MINOR WOUNDS


BUT SUDDENLY .
OF ALL THE COWARDLY TRICKS! THEY'RE QUITTING BEFORE THE GAME IS OVER!


NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE DONE WHAT HE DID NEXT! CHASING AFTER THE ALBATROSSES, JEFF DROPPED A WEIGHTED NOTE ON THEIR AIRFIELD...

CARE TO FINISH THE GAME? I'LL COME TOMORROW. SAME TIME, SAME PLACE. WHAT ABOUT YOU?

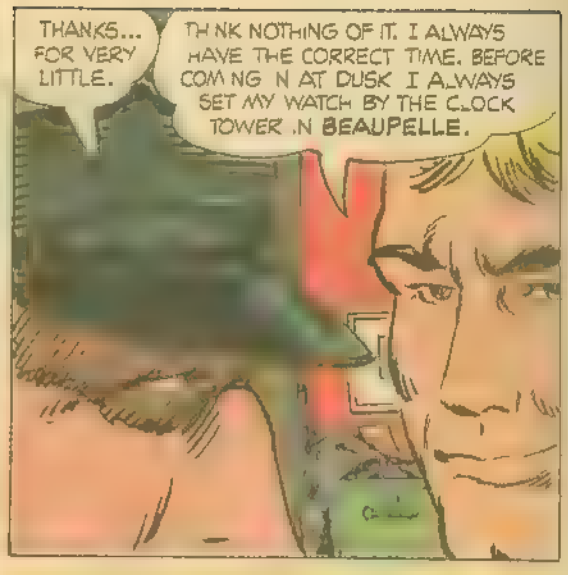
THE NEXT DAY--THE SAME TIME, THE SAME PLACE...
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW... THEY ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE
JEFF WENT IN AT FULL THROTTLE AND SCREAMED IN HEAD-ON AT THE NEARER ALBATROSS...
TAKA TAKA TAT TAT
TAKA TAKA TA
SUDDENLY.
ZANG WAP
WHAT GOES HERE ?!
THREE UNINVITED GUESTS!...THE HUNS SET A TRAP! I'M OUTNUMBERED!..FIVE AGAINST ONE!


ROLLING AND DIVING AS ONLY HE COULD JEFF HELD HIS OWN AT FIRST THE AIR WAS THICK WITH THE DEADLY CHATTERING OF FIVE SPANDAU MACHINE GUNS AGAINST HIS LEWIS - UNTIL...
I'M OUT OF AMMO!
ACCORDING TO EVERY LAW OF AERIAL COMBAT JEFF WILSON HAD NO MORE THAN A MINUTE LEFT TO LIVE...
THE AMERIKANISHER HAS GONE INTO A SPIN!
WE HAVE WOUNDED HIM!
OUR VICTIM HAS LANDED!
YOU TWO GO DOWN TO HIM!... YOU DO NOT NEED US NOW!

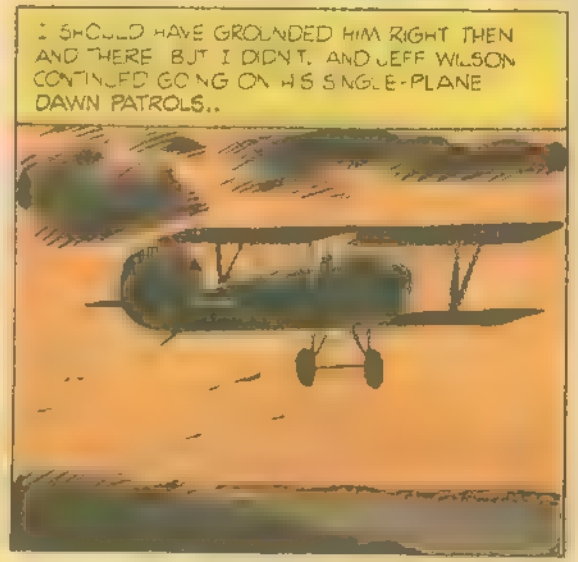
SWAGGERING ACROSS THE FIELD, THE GERMAN PILOTS NOTED THAT JEFF WAS SLUMPED OVER THE SEAT OF HIS LITTLE NIEUPORT

BUT THEY DID NOT NOTE THAT HIS ENGINE WAS STILL IDLING...

WHEN HE REPORTED··
...YOU CAN'T GO ON THIS WAY!
NO? WHY NOT?
BY THE WAY SIR, YOUR WATCH IS FOUR MINUTES SLOW.


THANKS... FOR VERY LITTLE.
TH NK NOTHING OF IT. I ALWAYS HAVE THE CORRECT TIME. BEFORE COM NG N AT DUSK I A_WAYS SET MY WATCH BY THE CLOCK TOWER .N BEAUPELLE.

BEAUPELLE ?! BUT THAT S BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES!
SO WHAT ? VE BEEN DO NG T FOR MONTHS NOW


I SHOULD HAVE GROUNDED HIM RIGHT THEN AND THERE BUT I DIDN'T. AND JEFF WILSON CONTINUED GO NG ON H S S NGLE-PLANE DAWN PATROLS..

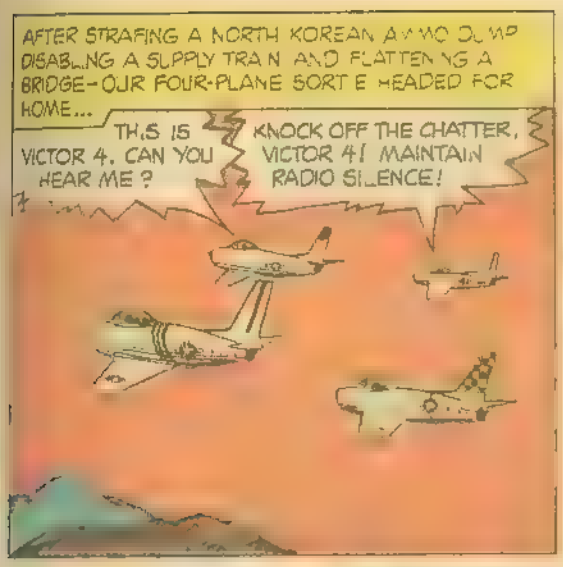
RETURNING ONLY TO GAS UP HE WOULD STAY OUT ALL DAY··F GHT NG RECKLESSLY AND BR LLIANTLY.

THEN ONE DAY, AT DUSK...
IT'S TIME TO SET MY WATCH BY THE CLOCK TOWER... THEN HEAD FOR HOME.
JEFF WILSON WAS A MARKED MAN. REPORTS OF HIS DAILY VISIT TO BEAUPELLE HAD TRICKLED BACK TO GERMAN HEADQUARTERS...
I CAN SEE HIM. HERE HE COMES-
RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP
WHAT ??!!

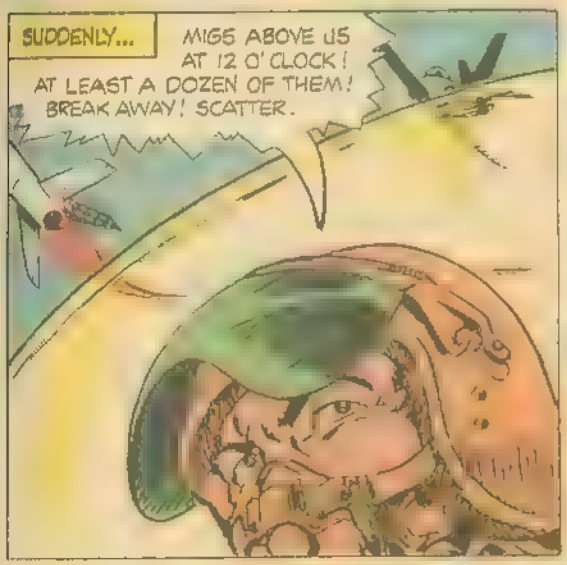
BLAM
WHEN I BROUGHT THE NEWS TO GENERAL BARKER...
YOU WERE RIGHT, MAJOR. AND I WAS WRONG. NO ONE OUT HERE HAS A CHARMED LIFE. IF WAR IS A GAME.. IT'S THE DEADLIEST ONE.
THIS WON'T BRING JEFF WILSON BACK...BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW, MAJOR THAT I WILL ISSUE AN ORDER IMMEDIATELY AGAINST SINGLE-PLANE PATROLS.
SO YOU SEE NOW WHY I CALL JEFF WILSON THE LAST OF THE AIRBORNE, RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS. BUT JEFF WAS RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. YOU SEE, THE GERMAN IN THE TOWER WAS AN INFANTRYMAN. AND JEFF HAD SAID...
"...NO HUN PILOT WILL EVER GET THE BEST OF ME. YOU HAVE MY WORD ON THAT"

THE GUNS OF MY F-86 SABRE HAMMERED AND [redacted] SOUTH OF THE YALU...
RATAT TAT TAT
RAT TATAT
RATTAT TAT
THEY MADE LIKE CHATTER-BOXES IN MIG ALLEY...
RAT TAT A-TAT
MANY A NORTH KOREAN MIG JOCKEY WENT DOWN WISHING HE'D NEVER HEARD THEIR INCESSANT YAKKING...
AIR WAR STORIES
VICTOR 4
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?
THIS IS VICTOR 4. CAN YOU HEAR ME? SAY, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I WAS ON FURLOUGH IN CHICAGO...?
KNOCK OFF THAT CHATTER, VICTOR 4!
YOU'RE DRIVING US NUTS
STOW IT, VICTOR 4!...LET'S HEAD FOR HOME!
FU-712
FU-917

"HOME" WAS AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER IN THE SEA OF JAPAN...
OH, OH! HERE COMES YAK-YAK GORDON!
PASS THE COTTON WADDING... AND PRESERVE OUR EAR-DRUMS!
HI, FELLOWS! DID I EVER TELL YOU THE STORY ABOUT ?
YES, GORDON! A DOZEN TIMES!
HI EVERYBODY WHAT'S FOR CHOW ? SAY DO I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THAT RESTAURANT IN ?
YES! 3,964 TIMES!
GOODBY!
I KNOW HOW THEY FEEL BUT I CAN'T STOP! ALL THE LESSONS I'VE LEARNED .. MY NERVES ARE WORN THIN! THEY NEED A RELEASE VALVE I'LL EITHER YAK-YAK ALL THE TIME OR CRACK UP!
FLIGHT DECK OFF.
O.K. IF I TELL YOU ABOUT THAT RESTAURANT ?
BUT THE DAY CAME...WHEN I DID STOP!
PILOTS, MAN YOUR PLANES!


AFTER STRAFING A NORTH KOREAN AMMO DUMP DISABLING A SUPPLY TRAIN AND FLATTENING A BRIDGE—OUR FOUR-PLANE SORTIE HEADED FOR HOME...
THIS IS VICTOR 4. CAN YOU HEAR ME?
KNOCK OFF THE CHATTER, VICTOR 4! MAINTAIN RADIO SILENCE!

SO SORRY AS DISHONORABLE MIG JOCKEY WOULD SAY
KNOCK IT OFF, VICTOR 4! THAT'S AN ORDER!


SUDDENLY...
MIGS ABOVE US AT 12 O'CLOCK! AT LEAST A DOZEN OF THEM! BREAK AWAY! SCATTER.

BANKING SHARPLY I STREAKED FOR A CLOUD BANK, BUT...
USAF

I'VE HAD IT!

VICTOR 1 TO VICTOR 4... WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER, VICTOR 4?

VICTOR 4...VICTOR 4... WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?
WHEN WILL THEY STOP CALLING? THEY KNOW WHY HE DOESN'T ANSWER! HE'S DOWN!
WE KEPT CALLING, S.R, BUT NOT A PEEP OUT OF H.M.
POOR GORDON... GUESS WE CAN CROSS H/M OFF!
JUST THEN...
L-LOOK
IT CAN'T BE!
BUT IT IS!... IT'S GORDON!
HIS MOUTH!...IT'S WOUNDED!
THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T ANSWER!
GORDON, CAN YOU HEAR US NOW? TALK TONS BOY! TALK OUR EARDRUMS OFF...AND WE'LL LOVE IT!
HE'S MOTIONING WITH HIS HAND!
WHAT DOES HE WANT?
HE WANTS A PENCIL AND PAPER!.. HERE, GORDON
DID YOU EVER HEAR THE STORY OF THE
SO WHAT IF WE HAVE? "TELL" IT AGAIN, GORDON! WE'LL "LISTEN"... WE'LL "LISTEN"...

NO COUNTRY IS LOVELIER THAN OURS IN THE SPRING BUT IN THE SPRING OF 1944 THE PULSING ROAR OF HITLER'S FIRST VENGEANCE WEAPON WAS HEARD IN ENGLISH SKIES
WOP
WOP WOP
WOP

THE NAZIS HOPED TO TURN DEFEAT INTO VICTORY BY LAUNCHING A HORROR ATTACK AND THEY JOLLY-WELL MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED---IF NOT FOR THE GALLANTRY OF OUR...

AIR WAR STORIES

BUZZ BOMB PATROL

OUR LONDONERS WERE A BRAVE LOT. THEY HAD LIVED BATTERED BUT UNBOWED THROUGH THE GREAT BLITZ OF THE WINTER OF 940-41. BUT WHEN THE FIRST SALVO OF BUZZ-BOMBS CAME -- WITH RAZOR-LIKE WINGS AND PULSING ROAR...

NEVER ENOUGH TIME FOR A BLOKE TO TAKE SHELTER!

AND NO TELLING WHERE THEY'LL COME DOWN!

JUST THAT GHASTLY THROBBING IN THE AIR ..AND NEXT THING YOU KNOW YOU'VE 'AD IT.

AT ADGB (AIR DEFENSE OF GREAT BRITAIN) WHERE I WAS A STAFF OFFICER---

THE V-1 LAUNCHING SITES ARE LOCATED IN THIS AREA ALONG THE FRENCH COAST. YOUR SQUADRONS, GENTLEMEN, WILL PATROL THE CHANNEL ROUND-THE-CLOCK ALONG HERE.

YOUR PASSION WILL BE TO INTERCEPT THE BUZZ-BOMBS AND DESTROY THEM IN MID-AIR.

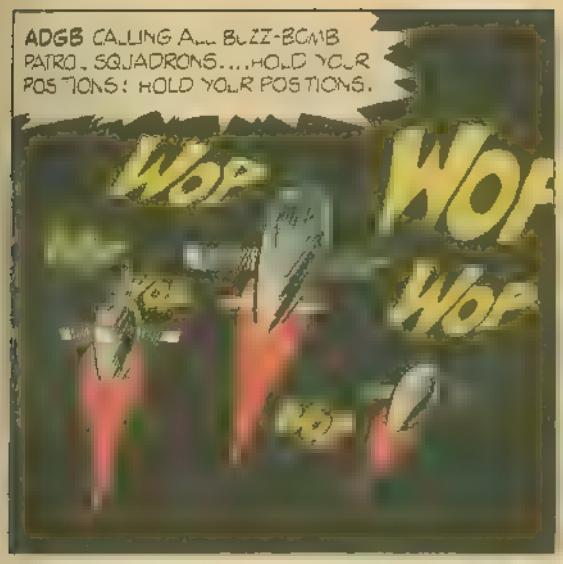
WOOF

WOOF

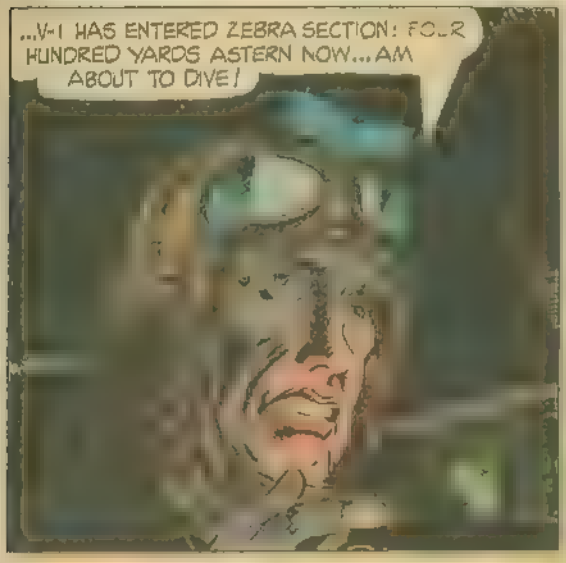
THE BEST OF LUCK GENTLEMEN I DARE SAY YOU'LL NEED IT

BLAM

BY NIGHTFALL SECTORS HAD BEEN ASSIGNED AND EACH SQUADRON WAS IN POSITION OVER THE CHANNEL. SUDDENLY OUR PILOTS SAW A NUMBER OF TWINKLING FLASHES AWAY OVER THE FRENCH COAST

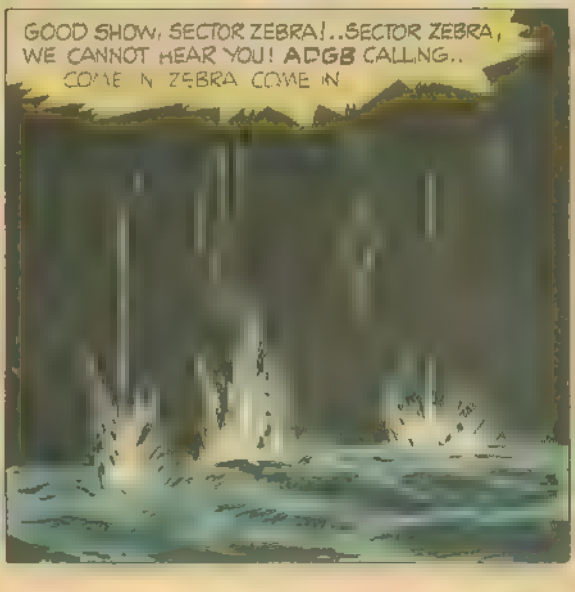

ADGB CALLING ALL BUZZ-BOMB PATROL SQUADRONS....HOLD YOUR POSITIONS! HOLD YOUR POSITIONS.
WOF
WOF
WOF

I APPROACHING SECTOR ZEBRA MUST TODDLE ALONG NOW.


...V-1 HAS ENTERED ZEBRA SECTION! FOUR HUNDRED YARDS ASTERN NOW... AM ABOUT TO DIVE!

HERE GOES!

WHAM


GOOD SHOW, SECTOR ZEBRA!..SECTOR ZEBRA, WE CANNOT HEAR YOU! ADGB CALLING.. COME IN ZEBRA COME IN

A FEW DAYS LATER.
FIVE OF OUR PLANES HAVE VANISHED AFTER INTERCEPTING V-1'S!...AND YOU HAVE NO EXPLANATION?!
NOT YET SIR.
THAT NIGHT...
CAN YOU HEAR ME, ADGB?... ONE IS HEADING THIS WAY! I'M GOING AFTER IT
WOP
WOP
WOP
WOP
I'M CLOSING ONE THOUSAND FEET AWAY NOW. NINE HUNDRED. EIGHT. SEVEN. SIX THIS IS IT
WOP
WOP
BLAM
NO!...NO!

WENT THROUGH THE HEART OF THE EXPLOSION... TRYING TO PULL UP...BUT THE NOSE OF MY PLANE HAS SPLIT OPEN!

LATER...
WE KNOW WHY OUR PLANES HAVE BEEN VANISHING, SIR. TO DESTROY THE V-1'S, THEY MUST FIRE FROM CLOSE RANGE...AND THEY'RE ENGULFED BY THE EXPLOSIONS.
POOR CHAPS...!

--BUT WE HAVE ONE CONSOLATION. FOR EVERY PILOT WE LOSE, HUNDREDS OF ENGLISH WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE SPARED.
SIR! GOOD NEWS..!

OUR TROOPS HAVE OVERRUN THE V-1 LAUNCHING SITES IN FRANCE!
COMMUNIQUE

IN THE SPRING OF 1944 "GOOD" NEWS HAD A WAY OF RAPIDLY TURNING "BAD." FOR NOW THE GERMANS BEGAN TO LAUNCH V-1'S FROM SPECIALLY-ADAPTED, DUTCH-BASED HEINKELS...
WOP WOP
WOP
WOP WOP
THE V-1'S NO LONGER CAME IN STRAIGHT ACROSS THE CHANNEL. THEY CAME FROM WHEREVER THE HEINKELS CHOSE TO RELEASE THEM!

WE COUNTERED BY FITTING UP A WELLINGTON AS AN AIRBORNE RADAR CENTRAL STATION. WITH INTERCEPTORS TRAILING BEHIND ITS RADAR BEACON, THE WELLINGTON PATROLLED UP AND DOWN THE DUTCH COAST...
HEINKEL AT VECTOR ONE-NINE-ZERO!

HEINKEL NO LONGER AT VECTOR ONE-NINE-ZERO!
HEINKEL AND ITS BUZZ-BOMB DON'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE!

IN A MATTER OF DAYS --
GENTLEMEN, THE LUFTWAFFE HAS BEEN DRIVEN BACK FROM THEIR DUTCH BASES! THE V-1 IS NO LONGER A THREAT! YOU CAN...

NOW IT WAS THE V-2'S -- HITLER'S SECOND WEAPON OF REVENGE -- THAT CAME PULSING THROUGH THE AIR...

YOU CAN...CARRY ON AS BEFORE! THE BEST OF LUCK, GENTLEMEN. I DARESAY YOU'LL NEED IT.
BLAM

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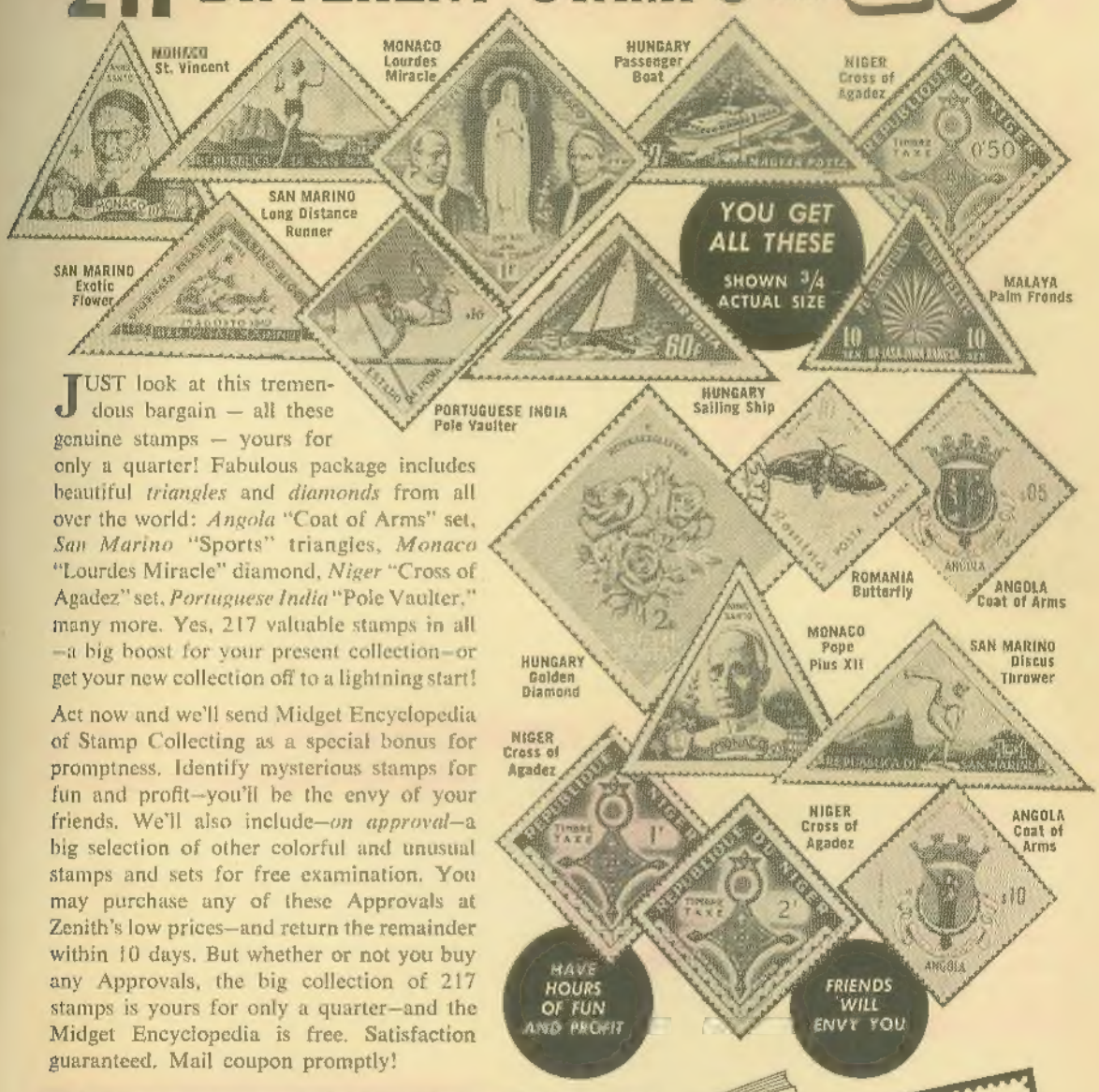

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